

THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

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SILAS DORNE.

BY GEORGE B. BURGIN.

CHAPTER I.

Graymarsh is a very little place. So cosily does the lower part of it nestle at the foot of the cliff, that a casual observer might pass it by as unworthy of notice. Far, far away in an unfrequented nook of the South Coast its people are born, live their brief existence, and give place to others: not for them is the bustle of the busy world. Limited as their sphere of action must necessarily be, it yet comprises the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, going so far to constitute the ordinary lot of mankind. These dwellers by the sea-smiling 80 peacefully now-know what it is to face a sudden death upon its treacherous bosom. Accustomed to carry their lives in their hands, they have learned to recognise it as a benefactor and a destroyer. Its wayward moods are the study of their lives. There is scarcely a home in this little village from which it has not claimed its victim; its musical plash at the foot of the rocks is but the murmur of a monster that satiated, even in its repletion, chafes against enforced idleness from destruction.

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Leading from the beach is a circuitous path to the upper end of the village, terminating in one wide straggling street. The fishermen proper, dwell in the lower part. It is only the small shopkeepers, and those whom Fortune has placed beyond direct dependence on the sea, that live in the upper portion. Many-gabled cottages with quaint, irregularly thatched roofs abound. There are no model houses of staring brick, but sleepy-looking little dwellings embowered in roses and jasmine, with here and there strange grotesquely-carved heads of faun and satyr, peeping unexpectedly forth through the green leaves and sweet-scented blossoms. A faint odour of lavender fills the air, and struggles with the sea-breeze as it is wafted upwards from the beach. A dozen small shops, the doctor's residence, and the "Three Gulls" constitute the most important part of the village. The old Norman church stands a little beyond it, a short distance from the market place. Over all the hamlet, as it basks in the sunshine, is an air of prosperity and comfort, of quiet ease and peace. The fishermen are lounging about idly smoking, or superintending the mending of their nets. A few assembled outside the "Three Gulls" listen through the open window to the conversation of their neighbours within.

The "Three Gulls" is as unlike a modern inn as it is possible to imagine. It is a long low house built of the same kind of stone as the church, and there is a tradition extant that they will crumble away together when the time comes. A huge sign-board creaks noisily to and fro on its rusty hinges. On it may be discerned three gulls hovering over a dimly painted house. One holds a bottle in its beak, which almost touches the roof, the others flap their wings expectantly as if anxious to share its contents. This chef d'œuvre, designed by Timothy Wenne, and executed under his critical eye by a travelling artist whom chance had thrown in his way, is the joy of his heart, and sad, indeed, would be the fate of man rash enough to question its merits.

It would be impossible, so full of curious twists and angles is it, to describe the shape of the old inn. The wind must,

before completion, have battered and tumbled it out of all shape, and then contemptuously spared it further rough usage. In the gravel-strewn yards white pigeons strut proudly about, or coo and bicker together in the sunshine; horses stand peacefully munching hay, and nodding their heads drowsily as the flies tease them. One could almost behold, from out the monastic gloom of the old buildings, some portly abbot of the days of yore, riding forth on gaily caparisoned mule, and wending his way in solemn state along the winding path.

Timothy Wenne, standing at the door in his shirt-sleeves, his fat, rubicund visage glowing with good-nature, is the personification of rude health. To be sure his nose is tinged with a more glowing hue than that which usually adorns the features of strictly temperate people, but then, Timothy is of old Cornish descent, and gossips declare his blue blood has rested there to prove the truth of his mendacious assertions.

As he bandies jests with his poorer customers, there is an uneasy look on his jolly countenance that betokens Timothy is not entirely his own master.

"I tell you, my masters," he asserts, waxing wrath, "there is not one man, woman, or child among you dare walk the ruins of Pentyre Abbey at eve, and alone. They say ghosts and goblins haunt them all the night through, with the black fiend himself to head the revels. No; it is easy for you to sneer Miles Brandreth but I would wager the "Three Gulls" you dare not spend a night there."

"Throw in Mrs. Wenne, Timothy, and it is a bargain," laughed Miles.

"Timothy ought to do it, if only to be freed from her tongue," sneered Sammy Ludlow. "Maybe, if the truth were told, Tim is more afraid of her than all the foul fiends in this world or the next."

Timothy's ruddy cheeks paled.

"Who dare say I am afraid of my wife?" he said with a ludicrous mixture of self assertion and fear.

"You're looking over your shoulder now, for fear she should hear you;" returned Sammy.

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"I care no more for my wife than an honest man should do, Sammy, and——"

"Timothy, Timothy," screamed his better half, coming to the door, "Arn't you ashamed of yourself to be wasting your time like this when your customers are waiting in the bar?"

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Mrs. Wenne was a comely little woman of about forty. Mingled with her attachment to Timothy was an equally strong desire to rule. Having once subdued him, she deemed it her duty to govern with a rod of iron. Her assumption of the virago often failed from sheer kindness of heart. They were a very happy couple, despite their occasional differences, and always strove to do a good turn to their poorer neighbours.

"Coming, coming, my dear," and Timothy, amid the uproarious laughter of his companions, waddled into the bar.

The room to which Timothy was so abruptly summoned was a long, low-ceilinged, oak-panelled apartment with windows of leaded-diamond pattern so rarely to be seen except in very old houses. On long benches ranged round it, some half-dozen fishermen were stretched out, with their elbows resting on the massive oak table before them. There was nothing unusual in their appearance to call for remark, unless it were the deference paid by them to the striking looking old man engaged in a game of draughts with one of their number.

"Silas Dorne will beat you yet, Murdoch Lynne," quoth Timothy, as he watched the progress of the game.

As the landlord spoke, Silas Dorne turning round took off his hat. The long silver curls falling over his shoulders mingled with his hoary beard, giving him the aspect of some venerable rabbi. His great blue eyes had lost none of their brightness through age, but shone with a sad, subdued expression, as if the memory of some secret sorrow haunted him continually. He was clad in a long heavy garment, fashioned something like a cassock, which falling to his feet, added to the dignity of his impressive figure. In the midst of the game, a troubled look would flit across his features, to be, after a brief struggle, again replaced with his usual calm expression.

Mingled with the deference paid him by the rough fishermen

was a kind of protecting tenderness and pity. He was not right in his head, so said the wiseacres of Graymarsh. Their old legends taught them to protect him, lest evil should befall themselves, for it was a superstition among them that if any harm were to occur to him, through their negligence, they would be responsible. One bereft of reason, they argued, could not protect himself; therefore, it was a duty devolving upon the whole community to see that no one injured him in any way.

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The old man was sexton of the church, and spent half his time among its vaults, or in searching for moth-eaten records. Periodically he dreamt strange visions of woe. At such times he would denounce himself as the cause of all the troubles befalling these simple villagers. After one of these seasons of mental aberration, he always returned to his old haunts, and in company with his raven, wandered about the village again.

Of all the grim and ghoul-like birds of earth, or air, or sea, this raven was the worst. In shape and colour it resembled no other of its kind. The shabby brown plumes might have passed without attracting notice, had it not been for its piercing eye—it had but one. People who laughed superstition to scorn, shivered when they saw the bird, and declared that its fiery look betokened the presence of some lost soul condemned to do penance in this ungainly shape. They could assert no other reason for such a belief than the appearance of this devilbird. Its eldrich screech frightened the children out of their wits, and Silas Dorne was sometimes forced to confine it in the vaults—fitting companion for the dust of by-gone generations.

The old man was passionately attached to children. In his wildest moods his ravings ceased as they passed by; they did not fear him even then. From fragments of the oaken coffins of the nameless dead he carved strange toys for them; working with a feverish persistence, until he sent back his little friends rejoicing to her homes.

As he sat eagerly playing, a little fellow of about ten plucked him by the sleeve.

The old man went on with his game. In a short time it was

finished, fortune favouring his opponent. With a sigh he rose and found the child holding his battered hat.

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As they went forth into the sunshine it was hard to tell which was the frailer of the two—one looked so old the other so young. It was curious to observe the trusting look on the old man's face, and the child's activity. Walking out of the flower covered porch, the fishermen made room for them, and they passed slowly up the street with many a smile from the women to cheer them on their way.

CHAPTER II.

Deep down in the grim vaults of the old church, Silas Dorne sat musing alone. All around him were the crumbling remains of past generations: men once renowned in the busy world. On the stone ledges above were coffins, with the sides cracked and broken, disclosing the yellow, shapeless remains of poor humanity within. Some of them had no lids at all, and contained nothing but a handfull or two of dust. He was sitting on a ponderous leaden shell which contained the skeleton of some old Crusader. Beside him was a lantern partially dispelling the gloom of this strange habitation, and casting flickering shadows on the uneven earthen floor.

The old man was busily engaged in carving a little ship from the fragments of oak that lay all around. As he dexterously shaped the hull, a smile stole over his features, and he paused, from time to time, to view it with evident satisfaction.

A light step sounded as the little child came down the crumbling steps. Unconscious of his presence, Silas Dorne went on with his work. Beneath his skilful hands it was rapidly assuming the appearance of a miniature vessel.

The child watched it with delight, but, in a few moments, his eyes regained their sad expression, and he seemed to be lost in a reverie full of painful reminiscences.

It was strange to see the confidence existing between the

pair. The little fellow seemed to feel the bond between them needed all his strength to keep it unbroken. Silas Dorne, at times, was hard to soothe, and would have his own way, regardless of the little one beside him.

The child shivered as the chilly air of the vault pierced his tender frame. Looking up, Silas Dorne met his sad gaze fixed upon him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Come away from here," urged the child. "Of all the spots we seek together I like this the least. I see those old faces rising from their coffins to mock me. Every time I enter here my heart throbs until it seems about to leave my breast. They terrify me. The air of this dark vault is stifling. Death claims everything. See how that skull at your feet looks up with ghastly grins upon its fleshless lips: it chills my very soul. Come up into the open air where all is fresh and bright. Come, come—"

The old man caught the quivering form in his arms, and held him tightly to his breast. "Hush! hush!" he murmured, "You never told me this before."

"I tried to laugh it off, but could not when I sough; you in the churchyard, and found the raven perched upon a newlydug grave. There he sat, his eye glistening and sparkling as he picked the worms from out the rank earth; he seemed an evil spirit. When he saw me he croaked until I thought my heart would cease to beat. Drive him away, please drive him away; he frightens me;" and the child sobbed hysterically.

It was the old man's turn to comfort now. In all their wanderings along the cliffs, or through the churchyard out into the open country beyond, the boy had ever taken the lead. He it was who guided Silas' uncertain steps with a care beyond his years; and it was strange that he should yield to such as outburst of terror.

"See! see!" said Silas, "the ship is ready for you; let us try it. Look at the tapering spars, and think how proudly she will glide alike through calm or troubled waters."

The boy dried his tears whilst hand-in-hand they wandered

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forth into the open air. Passing through the little churchyard Silas often stopped to move with loving care the rank weeds growing on the graves under the dark shadows cast on them by the spreading yews. Gnarled and stunted they trailed their heavy branches until the sombre foliage swept the ground. Here and there a rude cross marked the last resting-place of some simple villager, its quaint inscription setting forth the uneventful details of his gentle, kindly life.

Pausing, Silas seated himself on the ground, motioning the child to do the same. Far away in the distance, dull grey clonds were rapidly darkening the sky. In the west the setting sun cast a lurid glow upon the waters. Every moment the air became hotter and more stifling. The gulls clamorously wheeled around their rocky homes or skimmed the surface of the foam tinged waves rising and falling with a hurried, irregular motion. The wind moaned among the yews as they rustled together in melancholy cadence or bent there heads before the coming storm. The fishing boats came struggling in one by one to get under shelter before the storm burst upon them. A faint low rumble indicated that it would not be long delayed.

Unheeding all these threatening indications, the old man remained wrapt in a reverie.

Out in the offing a vessel was signalling for help. The sea was now running mountains high, and an excited crowd of fishermen deliberated as to whether they could safely venture out to her assistance.

A second gun was fired, but still without effect.

Roused from his stupor, Silas Dorne started up, and eagerly bent forward to see what was the matter. The boom of another gun resounded through the air. Calling on the boy to follow him, he hastened down to the beach, his long garments fluttering in the wind.

(To be Continued.)

HALBERT GRAVEYARD.

Nestling underneath the headland, washed by ocean's restless tide,

Halbert graveyard lies, unheeded as the village close beside.

Yet I oft go there to wander listlessly among the graves,
Conscious of, though faintly hearing, the low music of the
waves.

When the golden evening shadows on the clinging ivy fall, And the cheerful little robin whistles back his comrade's call,

There I love to hold communion with the memories of the past, Thinking tenderly, yet sadly, of the time I saw her last.

When with loved ones all around her, pillowed on my breast she lay,

As her soul was breathed to heaven at the breaking of the day.

In the corner where the yew tree stands, and throws its sombre shade,

In the dreary dark December, there my darling's grave was made.

Frail and feeble life at best is, though contained in golden bowl,

Slender is the silver cordage, weak the pitcher of the soul.

Other friends had fallen round me, I had seen them stricken lie,

But I scarely deemed her mortal, could not think that she would die.

Ah! how short the time since yonder, hand in hand along the bay,

She and I were wont to wander, in the joyous month of May.

There she whispered that she loved me, as I asked her to be mine;

Saw I then the wondrous love-light lighting up her face divine.

Proud she may have looked to others, cold and distant seemed to be,

But when love had conquered shyness, she was never so to me.

Five times I have watched the swallows with the summer come and go,

Five times have I seen the graveyard buried under winter's snow,

Since the time when love came stealing, blushing like a maiden coy,

Woke the manhood in me sleeping, with a strange and subtle joy.

Roused a deep mysterious passion I had never known before, Struck a chord within my nature, which shall vibrate evermore:

Destined through the coming ages, brighter still in men to shine;

Purest of all human passions, love is nearest the divine.

Other maidens have been fairer, outwardly at least, than she, But encircled by love's halo, none could fairer be to me.

Subtle love, though scorned by sages, holding sway in every clime,

Adding charm to human features which defy the hand of time.

Touching with thy fairy fingers all the commonplace of life, Rendering nobler than all others she who bears the name of wife.

Hallowing every daily duty, soothing every aching pain, Doubling joy, dividing sorrow, cheering by thy sweet refrain. "Sentimental lovesick ravings, 'tis the babbling of a fool,

"Outcome of excited feeling, that advancing years will cool.

"We have had the pleasing fancy, 'tis the common lot of youth; "Thinks he that this fleeting vision is a grand immortal truth?"

Ay, although despised and slighted, made a theme for idle mirth,

Yet there is no grander passion than pure love upon the earth.

Not the rosy transient glamour of a maiden's witching eye, When the hand she gently presses, murmuring a low good-bye.

Have you loved and suffered for it? has your inmost soul been moved?

For if not, none can explain it, to be known it must be proved.

Who shall chide me, as the tear-drops slowly welling, where I stood

Silently beside the yew-tree, trickled down its knarlèd wood.

Four long years I loved and wooed her, four long years I looked in vain

For a single sign or token to relieve the hidden pain.

To appease the hungry craving, of a heart that yearned for love With unutterable longing only known to God above.

In the heat of youth's impatience, thinking only of one thing; Surely love so strong and fervent must have struck an answering string.

But it had not, and the dreary dying echo of its moan,

Rung the knell of hope departing, ere the sweetness I had known.

Maidenhood was strong within her—what was love that she should care?

It had never swept her heart-strings, rousing passion latent there.

- "You will go and woo another, ere three months are gone, I ween,
- Think her fairer and more charming, than all others you have seen,
- "Rave about a form angelic, or a maiden's laughing eye,
- "Think you cannot live without her, that your love can never die.
- "Oh, I hate this sentimental foolish feeling you call love!
- "Is a woman nothing better than a cooing turtle dove?"
- "Never, never, while the life-blood through my heart is pulsing free
- Can a woman, though an angel, be to me what you may be.
- "Never can another vision fill again my throbbing brain,
 That of you is ever thinking, though each thought is linked
 with pain."
- So I left her—not in anger, though my heart was beating wild; Struggling with the bonds that held it, fretful as a wayward child.
- Cease, oh cease! 'tis vain this striving, wait in patience, peace be still;
- I will curb this useless passion by a calm, determined will.
- I, who fain would guide another through the mazes of life's school,
- Shame it were to common manhood if myself I cannot rule!
- Though it may be, in the quiet of a wakeful restless night, Bitter memories coming rushing, like a tempest in its might,
- Smite the wounded, quivering heart-strings, that I erst had lulled to rest—
- Like an infant weary, crying, sobbing on its mother's breast.

Blessed truth of human nature, though at first I took it ill; Crying fiercely that my sorrow all life's happiness would kill.

Truth it is, and I will own it thankfully with gladsome ring, That the salve of time has virtue to benumb the sharpest sting.

Yet I loved her, but in silence, for I knew the time must be When she too would feel heart hunger, though it might not be for me.

But I could not face that danger, I must conquer at the last; So I lived upon the future, trampling down the bankrupt past.

I forget her, she whose image, photographed on brain and heart, Will remain for ever vivid, fixed by love's mysterious art.

I forget her, I who loved her dearer far than can be told: Treasuring each fond rememberance, as a miser hoards his gold.

I forget her, she whose slightest wish, or look, were law to me; Not on earth nor ever through the endless ages that will be.

No; love only grew the stronger, month by month, and day by day;

O'er each thought, and word, and action, holding undisputed sway.

So I waited on in silence, while the tardy years went by; Watching for the first appearing of the lovelight in her eye.

Waiting, waiting, fiercely waiting, while my heart was sore and sick;

Chafing under disappointment that had wounded to the quick.

Waiting dreary, waiting weary, when at times my heart grew numb;

Half despairing, that the longed for, prayed for love, might never come.

Never, oh the thought was anguish, seeing that my love was such; Not because she cared so little, but that I should care so much. I who fondly dreamt of power, boasted I was fancy free; Shall I languish for a woman, who has never cared for me?

Shall I waste a life's affection, focussed in one burning ray; On a shy retiring maiden, after she has said me nay.

No, not wasted, the I never get return for what I give; If it help me for the future time, a nobler life to live.

If my soul by love expanding, rise superior to its woe, Help perchance to smooth life's pathway, for another here below

If it drive me nearer, closer, to the God who can sustain Under heaviest affliction, I shall not have lived in vain.

So I waited on in patience, for my faith in time was strong:
Tho' perchance she still may slight me, count my very love a wrong.

Yet she never shall despise me, I will with the present cope; Scale the summit of ambition, gilded by the beams of hope.

Egotistic idle fancy, can I think success to gain; When so many are around me, who have striven but in vain.

What am I, amid the number, if I stumble in the race? There are hundreds ever ready to fill up the vacant place.

Am I then to check the longing, after higher nobler things; Drifting idly with the current, heedless of whate'er it brings.

Heedless of the wrongs of thousands, heedless of the woe and sin; Caring not if others perish, if my ends I only win?

Better far, that some fell fever, sweep my opening life away; Than that I should be a vulture, gloating over human prey.

Slowly passed the years of waiting, till by chance, it was in May; Unperceived I came upon her, as she mused alone one day.

'Neath the hawthorne, white with blossom, growing half way up the hill,

Like a guardian angel watching, o'er the graveyard lone and still.

Wistfully her eyes were looking on the ever sounding sea; All unconscious of my presence, can it be a thought of me,

That has tinged her cheek with crimson, and her eye suffused with light;

Never since I first had loved her, had she seemed so fair a sight.

Silently I gazed upon her, fearing to dissolve the spell, Dreading the cold chilly manner of the past, I knew so well.

Eagerly I watched, but trembled, lest the change I noted there, But proclaimed another triumph, only meant for me despair.

From my eyes my soul was flashing all the untold love of years, And my heart was fiercely beating, burdened with its hopes and fears;

Quivering with suppressed emotion, slowly then I spoke her name;

At the sound, a deeper crimson swiftly o'er her features came.

Like the sound of murmuring water, liquid in its tone and clear, As she gently bade me welcome, fell her voice upon my ear.

Like the sound of pleasant music, not the cold defiant ring That of yore had pierced my bosom, rankling like a venomed sting.

Sacred the thrice happy moment, registered in heaven above, When two hearts are knit together by the mystic bonds of love.

Swiftly all that happy summer sped the golden hours along, Oft we lingered in the twilight listening to the waves' low song.

And the future, bright with promise, like a day-star seemed to rise,

While our spirits held communion by the language of the eyes.

But, when autumn came, the roses faded slowly from her cheek, And her step, so free and buoyant, by degrees grew slow and weak.

Other friends had fallen round me, I had seen them stricken lie, But I scarcely deemed her mortal, would not think that she could die.

In the corner neath the yew-tree, shadow'd by its sombre shade, In the bleak and drear December, there my darling's grave was made.

Can there be no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?

Moaned my heart with anguish stricken, echoing to its dark despair.

Oh! my darling, gone for ever, vanished in the aching past, Was I mad to love so fondly that which could not always last?

Madness?—yes, if men are only puppets of a cruel fate, If death mean annihilation, if there be no future state.

Better be a beast of burden, better be a bird of prey, Than a man with mighty passions, if he perish just as they.

No, not lost, but gone before me, when a few brief years are o'er

She shall come to guide my spirit to a brighter, happier shore.

There through never-ending ages knowledge shall our souls expand,

And together we will worship God our Father in that land:

Where pale death shall ne'er find entrance, all be sweet, harmonious peace,

And, though God be loved supremely, creature feeling will not cease.

Shall I then indulge my sorrow, as if every hope had fled, Bury every aspiration with my well-beloved dead?

No, I will not, must not, dare not longer brood upon my grief, I will live and work for others, that will give my soul relief.

And when all the strife is over, and death's angel comes for me, May I rest beside my darling in the graveyard by the sea.

WALLACE ARTHUR,

"THE SHIPS THAT HAVE NEVER COME HOME."

Far over the sea, where the wild birds free,
Their trackless journey bend,
Is a lonely isle—on whose fair shores smile
Bright summers that know no end.
And under the trees, where no angry breeze
Dare ruffle the ocean foam,
Safe from the blast, lie moored at last,
The ships that have never come home.

Many are they, for day by day
Another comes sailing in;
Some tempest tossed as when they were lost
Midst the hurricane's whirling din.
Castles of Spain, when she ruled the main,
And galleys of mighty Rome—
They sailed to sea midst shouts of glee,
But never again reached home.

From the Tyrian shore with many an oar,
And masts of sandal wood,
Galleons old, deep stored with gold—
Gold stained by Indians' blood,

Brave ships of war, that can boast a scar,
Through the heat-haze towering loom
Emigrant wrecks with crowded decks,
All ships that have never come home.

In quiet rest on that island blest,

The crews no watches keep;

No boatswain's call, no fierce white squall

Disturbs their dreamless sleep.

Their toils are done, and a haven won,

No more on the sea they roam,

They know not the smart of the broken heart

That has watched and longed at home.

My bark set sail with a fresh'ning gale,
On a venture o'er the sea,
Though I watch and pray by night and day
She never came back to me.
But in dreams I have seen that island green
With the palm trees spreading dome;
And I know that at last all dangers past,
She is anchored safe at home.

HORACE TOWNSHEND.

WAITING.

There is dawn to the night of the dreary,
Summer rest to the turbulent sea,
But no losing of life to the weary,
Not an ending for you and for me;
Shall we die in desire of decision?
Shall we live them to nothing, and night,
These negative days of derision,
These days of delight?

I am weary of watching and waiting
In a midst of beginning and end,
I am heartsick of loving and hating,—
Pleasant foe—and most passionate friend;
Let me dream in the dreamland Elysian,
Or be dead with a decent delight,
For love is a vanishing vision
And day brings back night.

There, it is over; above me

The sky is too blue for the grave;
I have erred, O scourge me and love me,
For words are as froth on the wave:
You shall love me—till others accost you,
You shall wait—till another befriend,
I will love you—until I have lost you,
I will wait—till the end.

I see the blooms about me,
They grow for the bliss of growing,
And the birds are singing of sunshine,
They will not sing in the winter,
But if you can grow without me
I will sing when the skies are dawning,

They say there is rest for the weary,
They say there is hope for despair,
For the red man hunting-grounds,
For us saints a better land—
But I think it must be dreary
Unless my love is there.

M. L.

HOME-LIGHT.

Cold blows the wintry wind with dreary sound,
Pale gleams the sun in shades of darkening night;
Come, dear ones, let us gather closer round
The Home-light.

Alas for those poor destitute unknown,
Who have no shelter on this bitter night,
Upon whose weary path no gleam has shone
Of Home-light!

Alas for some, in splendid halls—yet sad,
Though all surrounds them that can charm the sight;
Their world-chilled hearts have never been made glad
By Home-light.

But we can gather at the holy shrine,
And feel our spirits bathed in pure delight;
For earth has not a influence more divine
Than Home-light.

Hand clasped in hand, mind answering to mind,
Dear faces, beauteous in the radiance bright!
Shadows are chased away and cares resigned
In Home-light.

And though an unknown path before each lies,
And some shall struggle, some attain the height,
Bright o'er the way, a beam that never dies,
Shines Home-light.

Darkness may reign without, wild winds may blow, But we are safe from all that can affright— Safe in the blessed peace, the tender glow Of Home-light.

TWILIGHT.

The sunset's lingering lustre
Is cast about thy form,
And gloating rays amid the haze
Like spirits round thee swarm,
While caught in curl and cluster
The languid light is warm.

Those tresses always golden

The beam has burnished now;
Like sunny showers in April hours
They gild thy lily brow.

In mute lips fast enfolden

What secret, love, hast thou?

Look! o'er the hill the dim sun
Is passing like a dream;
The fields are laid to sleep in shade;
In slumber lisps the stream;
And, though the west be crimson,
Thy blushes brighter seem.

A thousand odorous spices

Are mingled in thy breath,

That comes and goes with sobbing throes,

Like waves which weep to death.

Thy glance the moth entices,

Deceived he lingereth.

Those cheeks, twin ripening peaches,
Are tempting to my lips;
As timidly the butterfly
Hangs o'er the rose, and dips,
My mouth now almost reaches,
Now meets thine own and sips.

In robes of blue and silver

The moon comes o'er the height;

Each mount hath kissed her skirts of mist,

That leave a trail of light;

And love awakes to pilfer

The treasures of the night.

With clinging hands and faces,
And mingling breath of sighs,
We watch afar each waking star
Peep forth into the skies,
Till heav'n on our embraces
Looks down with envious eyes.

J. E. BARLAS.

FALLEN IN THE BREACH.

Their graves are scattered on the Arctic fields: *
They followed hard the brave, that trod of yore
Along the painful path of high emprise,
Whence noble footsteps oft return no more.

From out the shadows of that sunless gloom,
From out the darkness of a greater night,
Shineth the splendour of those Polar stars—
Say, was it dearly won their deathless light?

E. VERNER.

^{*} Suggested by a famous line of Milton's.

AT THE DOOR.

Ere she entered the crowded room,
And a tear on her eyelid glistened,
And fell in the gathering gloom.

For a voice that she loved too dearly,
Was speaking in tenderest tone,
In accents she heard all too clearly,
Of love that she thought was her own.

She had bent beneath looks passion-pale,
As another was bending now;
While the crimson blush spread like a veil,
Over cheek and azure-veined brow.

She had felt the touch of his fingers,
In clasp that seemed tender and true,
And sadly her memory lingers
O'er the last fondly spoken adieu.

Oh! heart of man, skilled in deceiving, So cruelly prone to deceive! Oh! woman's heart framed for believing All that man would have her believe!

The pale lip that quivered from pain,

To wreathe with smiles radiant and ready,

The fair face that blossomed in vain.

Then drawing her white robes around her,
And stilling her passionate heart,
She gaily greets those that surround her,
And bravely bears womanhood's part.

To hide with a light jest and laughter,
The sorrow that rankles beneath,
And weave o'er the joyless hereafter,
A faded and lustreless wreath.

THE POET.

There are who ancient ancestry can trace,
And emulate the noblest in descent,
Though not of Norman nor Iberian race,
And of heraldic titles innocent.

For as, when first the waters o'er the earth
Were spread, and darkness covered the great deep,
Light suddenly from chaos leapt to birth,
Rending the chains of its primæval sleep—

So from the silent race of early men prang the first poet, eldest of mankind, With lips aflame with language, and a ken Profound to eye the underlying mind,

He brake the bonds of speech, and set her free, And she passed upwards to her sovereign seat Breathing on some who stooped on bended knee, Bards, prophets, seers, poets, at her feet.

These, her apostles, filled with utterance,
Dispersed to make earth luminous with song;
And ever since, in strict inheritance,
Succeeding sons the deathless hymn prolong.

From age to age they hand their torches on Like runners in a race, and on their lips The light which on the earliest singer shone, Burns on the last, intolerant of eclipse.

"GOOD BYE."

Be of good cheer, my faithful heart,

Nor lend your thoughts to sorrow,—

For from our happy bygone days,

A cheering hope we'll borrow,—

That fate who's blest us in the past,

Will bring a bright to-morrow.

With aching hearts we say "good bye,"
But do not part for ever—
No painful force of circumstance
The bonds of love can sever;
But gathering strength in unity
Be still our hearts endeavour.

Through lengthy days and lonesome nights,
O'er bygone bliss we ponder,
And try to read dim future's scroll,
With oft repeated wonder—
And find that varied fear and hope,
Still make our hearts grow fonder.

While distance parts our loving hearts,
With pains of grief still smarting,
We'll bless the hour that passes by;
And speed each days departing—
And hope the blissful time draws near
When we may know no parting.

REGRETS.

Oh! how vain the weary longing
For the joys of by-gone days:
Vain, the bitter tears that thronging,
Hide the present from our gaze.

In the past we love to linger,
For the present is so lone,
Till our hearts, beneath Time's finger,
Beat to rest against a stone.

Vain the fancy, oft returning,
"Could we live the past again!"
While the might-have-been is burning,
Words of fire across our brain.

Oh! ye stricken ones and weary,
Will nought soothe your wild unrest?
Look around! all is not dreary,
And "whatever is, is best."

MARIE ASTON.

SHAKESPERIAN MONOGRAPHS.

No. II.-IMOGEN.

Why Shakesperian editors should persist in styling "Cymbeline" a tragedy and the "Merchant of Venice" a comedy, is one of those mysteries which I have hitherto been unable to fathom. While the more important portions of the latter are couched in the truest tragic language, the tale of Posthumus and Imogen is one of the sweetest love stories that Shakespeare ever related, and the character of the heroine one of the most lovable his genius ever conceived. While one can admire the

archness of Rosalind, the passion of Juliet, and the tender qualities of Portia, there is something in the character of Imogen which attracts our sympathy and love. Imogen is the very incarnation of constancy, Not Leonora was more faithful than she, and the name she assumes with her disguise (Fidele) is the truest index to her character.

Sir Walter Scott is credited with the assertion that he intended to make something of his Jewess, but not even the great Wizard of the North could make a truer woman than Imogen. She is the ideal woman, all modesty and all love; and were all our womankind as good as she, earth would be little short of Paradise. From the first moment we see her until she is dismissed to happiness, she enchains our attention, and every movement of the action brings out a new and more loveable trait. She combines a woman's keenness with her woman's love, and in all the grief which attends the enforced severance from her husband, she notes the true character of the queen, and divines the hidden enmity which lurks in the royal heart. Throughout the drama she shows all a woman's attributes, and the troubles that she encounters seem but to enhance the sweetness of her character.

How prettily she shows her affection in the scene in which "parting is such sweet sorrow." How much she deprecates her father's wrath, and yet how dutifully, always reserving her "holy duty." How she longs for the time when she and Posthumus can meet again. How lovingly she bids farewell, and how eagerly she questions Pisanio as to the last words and looks of his master, envying the very handkerchief he waved and kissed as happier therein than she. With her love is her life. The parting with her husband is a sore trial, but she consoles herself with the thought that they will be again The sudden entry of the king had disturbed their parting words, and she laments the little time they had. "had most pretty things to say," a "parting kiss, set 'twixt two charming words" all ready for him, when Cymbeline came in, and "like the tyrannous breathing of the north, shook all the buds from growing." Mingled with her lamentations we

find a deep religious fervour. She had intended to charge Posthumus to encounter her with orisons,

"For then

I am in heaven for him."

This religious feeling comes out in various incidents in her career. When tortured almost to despair, and tempted to end her troubles and her life, she cries out

> "Against self-slaughter There is a prohibition so Divine As cravens my weak hand,"

And ere she sleeps she commends herself to Divine protection against "fairies and tempters of the night."

In the interview with Iachimo, when that crafty wretch endeavours to loosen her allegiance to her husband, the fidelity and purity of Imogen is fully displayed. She will hear no scandal concerning Posthumus. She trusts him too much to believe that he would forget her amongst his Roman friends. And as the cunning Roman doubts her constancy, she repels his advances with so natural a modesty and indignation, that Iachimo is compelled to admit that Leonatus has not overpraised his wife. She is eloquent in her defence of her absent lover, who is as far above Iachimo as the Roman is from honour. But when satisfied that he cannot gain by persuasion that which he seeks, Iachimo has resort to artifice, and tells Imogen that he has been only trying her, her forgiving disposition shows forth. Guileless herself, she knows no deceit, and willingly grants the favor that is to work such grievous wrong.

We cannot forgive Posthumus for the cruel plot he lays against the life of Imogen. He is too hasty, too jealous, and he well-nigh deserves the fate with which he is menaced. But with what rapture does his wife receive the lying letter, and eagerly gives Pisanio the "opportunity" he is commissioned to find. Even when the full extent of her peril is disclosed—when, all innocence, she is told that she has dishonoured her husband—even then she does not lose her faith. She knows not what wrong is—

"What is it to be false?"

she cries out in her agony-

"To lie in watch there, and to think of him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature

To break it with a fearful dream of him

And cry myself awake? That's false to his bed

Is it?"

How great is the wound she has received when she commands Pisanio to

"Hit

The innocent mansion of my love-my heart!"

But even after this disclosure is made to her, Imogen is still true to her love, and eagerly adopts the proposal of Pisanio that she should go with the Italian general to Rome in disguise Even at "peril to her modesty" she would be near her husband and have "hourly report" of him. How prettily she betrays her sex, when she draws the sword—

"And if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me he'll scarcely look on't; Such a foe! Good heavens!"

The name she adopts is a true index of her character. Fidêle by name, faithful by nature; her love and constancy never forsake her, and burst forth in anguish when she mourns over the body of Cloten, thinking it to be the remains of her husband. Paramount through all her wanderings and her trials her loving faith is above all; and it reaches its sublime height when, all doubt and trouble at an end, she clings to her husband's neck and cries.

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?" And hears in reply the loving words,

"Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die."

Very pretty is the concluding scene, and we leave Imogen safe in her husband's arms with the conviction that a pure and noble woman has met a just reward.

J. W. AITKEN.

"A NYMPH PRAYING TO CUPID."

(A picture by Grenze in possession of Sir Richard Wallace.)

Just where the wood's shade lessened for a space,
And the trees whispering shrank back half afraid,
A little timorous nymph knelt down and prayed;
With pleading hands and wistful upturned face,
And childlike eyes scarce lifted where the place
Was hushed in wonder round the wingèd Love,
She knelt; and lo! the soft light from above
Fell where the fluttering heart had bared her grace.

A winsome little maid, pure, white and fair—
Half bold, half timorous, trusting—part she smiled,
And part she blushed her little eager prayer,
And part she breathed, as when the woodland wild
Stirs with soft winds at ev'n; till watching there
The trees bent down and pleaded for their child.

H. SEALY.

ODE TO VENUS ANADYOMENE.

"Hail, Aphrodité queen of Love!

"Fair offspring of Almighty Jove,

"Or, as some say, from depths of Ocean springing!"

Thus sung the rocks and caves,

When from the Ægœan waves

Enchanting Venus rose, her damp locks wringing;

Charmed by her witching eyes,

In peace the tempest dies,

Goading no more the sea, in wrathful might to rise.

Around her, Cupids on the wing,
Their sportive arrows at her fling,

Vainly their shafts 'gainst love's own Goddess dashing;

Owning a mightier power,

Down drops the feathered shower,

Harmless, in Neptune's billowy bosom plashing;

As from her car she lands

The Nymphs in lovely bands

With kisses her salute, on Cythera's golden sands.

As when the sun at early morn Tinges the sky with blushing dawn,

All things rejoice when he his orbs' uprearing;

So over earth's wide plains Delightsome gladness reigns,

When from the deep they see her face appearing;

The winds blow softer by

When they her form espy,

Willing, if that they might but kiss her cheek, to die.

For love of her, all Nature smiles, Tricking her face with sweetest wiles;

Tall trees, with rustling boughs their welcomes singing; Mountains, and craggy rocks,

Fierce wolves, and bleating flocks,

Their greetings over hill and valley ringing;

The temorous birds, grown tame,

Their warbling voices aim

With rustic woodland notes, her glories to proclaim.

Nor are man's lordly accents mute,

With lyre and soft mellifluous flute

In sumptuous fanes her wide-spread praises sounding;

With fragrant incense blent,

From smoking altars sent,

To heaven's blue vault, and all the towers surrounding,

The clash of timbrels gay

The dance and joyous lay,

Love's mystic amorous rites, her earnest votaries pay.

Long may her pleasant empire last,
Her shrines, no gorgon-malice blast,
From east to west, Earth's furthest corners binding;
Round every human heart
Pierced by her blind son's dart,
Her soft and balmy influence gently winding;
So may all lovers meet,
And Hymen's altars greet,
And human joy be, without love, all incomplete.

J. F.

REST.

Tis sabbath morn, outring the chimes
Far carried on the breeze,
With scent of sycamores and limes
From incense wooing trees—
Now rest the forge, the whirring mill,
And the whole work day world is still.

Within the church, neath arching beams
Upon whose blackness shine,
In transitory sunnie gleams,
Rich rays of light divine,
I kneeling bend, where many kneel,
Forgetting self, God's presence feel.

Broad waves of warm and flooding light
Down stream, so once of old
The sacrificial fire tongues bright
Burned on the altar's gold—
The altar now, our hearts, and prayer
The sacrifice to God we bear!

Thou knewest well, Oh Father, God,
Whose presence dwells in flesh,
How snaps in twain the stretched cord,
How breaks, when bent afresh,
The pliant wood, the bow unstrung,
How constant toil will age the young,
Therefore Thou gavest Day of Rest.

Safe anchorage at sea,
In desert drear oasis blest,
Water and fruitful tree,
There over taxed limb and brain
In sojourn sweet forgeteth pain.

One day in seven for God and Home,
Union to parted lives,
All earth God's temple, Heaven its dome,
Up to whose arch arrives,
From all created creatures praise
To Him who gave this gift of days.

Blessed time of quietude,
Of rest from cank'ring care,
Calm rest from ceaseless care,
When rises to beatitude
The soul, on wings of prayer
Borne upwards, finds a rich relief
Steps out of self, of life, of grief—

High swells the organ's sacred chord,
Flute like sweet voices rise,
"For only Thou Art Holy Lord,
Thou only art all wise"—
Faint echoes of the angels' cry
Accorded to a mortal's sigh.

Oh! happy times of tranquil rest
Such moments as we kneel,
E'en though we worship not, are blest
In absent cares, we feel
What untold happiness have they
Who live to love, and kneel to pray.

L. WALEN.

THE VISION.

Night reigned with Sleep, and o'er the snowclad hill
Rose Dian's crescent; heaven's gems, sweet stars,
Sublimely rode upon their silent cars;
Sudden 'twas veil'd; pale Dread, hagged Fear, stood still;—
When, lo! a mighty vision, awful rose;
A gorgeous, robed, crown'd shadow. One hand bore
High raised, a sceptre. His fierce wheels groan'd sore:—
Four awful thund'ring steeds, scourged by wild woes
Dragg'd on the lab'ring car. Mighty he rode,
While round his track hosts as of spirits roll'd;
Fierce through the scattering ranks, he furious trode,
When loud a Voice proclaimèd: "Fame, behold!
Mid all his rack'd, torn victims; names untold;
Riding terrific to his cloud abode."

W. Moull.

ON THE RIVER.

Upon the river grey and wide, Onward as in a dream we glide. Behind us lies the burning west, All glorious like a hero's rest: Before, a cold and darkening sky,
No star, no lamp to cheer the eye,
Yet onward, ho!
Into the darkness we must go.

O! could we turn and mount the stream,
And follow yonder glowing gleam,
Forget the darkness settling down,
The chilly field and distant town,
In fancy take a swifter flight,
And float on waves of crimson light!
It may not be!
Our destined landing place we see.

One evening, on a darker tide,
Down with the current shall we glide;
Life's glory fleeting far away,
And we forbid to turn or stay;
But drift through darkness, powerless, blind,
The unknown landing place to find.

Yet never fear! Behind that night will morn appear.

HARRIETT F. SPENCER.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

"Going Home."

Hushed are the merry voices, ever wont
To wake the echoes of th' encircling hills,
With joyous laughter, and the ringing shouts
Of boyish pastime, where famed Sutton's home *
Of classic culture crowns the steep ascent;
Where are the noisy groups, the clustering throng
Of England's future statesmen, judges, peers,
The coming heroes of the sword and pen?

All mute to-day, in presence of a great And dread solemnity—one little voice For ever silenced, one young head laid low. Yule-tide approaching, summoned all afar To festive scenes, mid holly-garnished halls; See! one goes home before them, not (as oft Rehears'd in happy dreams) with bounding step, And wild hurrah, to meet a mother's smile, But slowly borne before her, as she treads With falt'ring step, and pallid tear-stain'd cheek, The path her treasur'd child so well had known, Each fibre of her crushed and fainting heart One quiv'ring agony, whilst at her side The partner of her happy hours now shares Her faith-illumined sorrow; two fair boys Still spared to them pass onward; in their wake House monitors are bearing snowy wreaths Of lovely wintry blossoms, to be laid On that cold bosom, and each comrade brings A single flow'ret, pure and white, to cast Within the narrow, solitary grave, In token of his silent, sad farewell. What yearning thoughts may haunt the mother's mind, Of Janus and the solemn gate of Nain; Poor stricken one! for thee no sacred form Of flesh-veiled Deity with pity's touch Arrests the bier, and bids thy dead "Arise." 'Tis well, thou wouldst not call him from his rest On that dear bosom, which hath bled for him, To care and sorrow, aye, perchance to sin, Staining his soul to all eternity; Enough for thee, that whisp'ring, "still, small voice," "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

E. S. HULKES.

^{*} Founder of the Charterhouse.

HUBERT.

Scene I.—The garden of a Manor House on a summer evening.

Dramatis Personæ.—Sir Ralph Harton, a frail widower. Hubert his only child in opening manhood.

Time. - Immediately after the breaking out of the Civil War, 1642.

Hubert. Hurrah! at length the people spring
To vindicate their right,

And vainly now shall strive the King, To vanquish them in fight.

At last Laud's long despotic course Draws ruin in its train,

Soon Hampden's words of frenzied force The victory shall gain—

While Charles will rue with deep remorse, The part which he hath ta'en.

For England's might, shall rise in fight, Throughout the groaning land—

And War's harsh sound be heard around Our homes on every hand.

Our wrongs shall be wiped out in gore, We'll vanquish what was vaunted,

And so it shall be said once more That Brittons are undaunted.

Then shall we hold a Parliament Untrammelled, true, and free;

The Stuart's line, will aye repent Their deeds of tyranny.

Secret cabals shall not affright, Nor unordained taxation—

And life will prove a dear delight To each one in the nation!

Sir Ralph. And yet my son this coming strife
Will yield us grievous woe;
Though risking life where death is rife,

God grant you ne'er may know
The agony a father feels,
When from his fond child parted,
Wounds such as these Time seldom heals,
But leaves him broken-hearted.

What anguish 'tis to separate, When Nature's ties are nearest

Ah! cruel is the withering fate Which tears me from my dearest.

Still go, my son, nor lingering stay, All private wishes must give way

When the public weal in a righteous cause Demands a defence for our ancient laws.

Yet even when the cause is one To which my thoughts respond How hard it seems to lose thee, son;

I long to gaze beyond

The darkness which enshrouds thy lot Amid the surging strife—

Of Gertrude, Hubert, think'st thou not?
Gertrude thy promised wife.

Her father hastes with all his men,
To take the monarch's side,
Will he permit his daughter then

To be a traitor's bride?

Hubert. Lately on evening calm as this

We met in woodland yonder,

Sealing our troth with fervent kiss,

Knowing we had grown fonder,

Yet 'twas our lot to ponder

On what, alas! we now must do:— So sadly passed our interview, Feeling it was our parents' due, That we, at least, should meet no more, Until the present strife was o'er.

And thus our pressing grief we strove to smother, By vowing constant faith to one another. So still to me is Gertrude dear,
We do not part for ever,
Then father mine, thy spirit cheer,
Though now we're forced to sever.

Scene II.—A room in the Manor House. Hubert and Gertrude alone.

Time.—Three years afterwards.

Hubert. Alas! my honoured father dead, A blighting blow indeed has sped When I was absent; Gertrude love. Thou seem'st a being from above Sent to relieve my crushing woe, By bliss which mortals rarely know. Few words may tell why I am here, In thy dear face delighting, Blessed be the cause which brings thee near. Our severed ties uniting. How weary is this woeful time. Of pillaging and slaughter! No party deeming war a crime, Blood flowing fast as water. The golden grain one rarely sees, That all are now requiring, Few buds upon the orchard trees, Which ruthless foes are firing, Shrieks of despair borne by the breeze Whence peasants are retiring. The hurried tramp of arméd men, The musketry's rude rattle, The cries and imprecations when Amid the brunt of battle. Such are the sounds which greet mine ear, Till saddened with the fray, I come, my love, to rest me here,

If only for a day.

Gertrude.

My story too is very brief,
But 'tis a tale of truest grief.

Ah! Hubert I felt lone and drear,

When thou went'st forth to fight the foe,

And none were left my soul to cheer Along its path of loveless woe.

The links seemed loosed which brightly bound

Our hopes and hearts in love profound.

My father grew morose and stern,

And harshly swore that I should learn,

My folly thus to thwart his will

By loving a rebel Round-head still.

And that he would go forth and bring

For me another lover—

Who dauntlessly would serve the King,

As I should soon discover.

While thus beset on every side

With none to counsel or to guide-

I scarce knew what I ought to do,

Then to Sir Harton's house I flew

Craving protection there:

And graciously with features pale

He gravely listened to my tale,

Granting me all my prayer.

He let me take a daughter's part-

Loving me dearly from his heart:

But feebler grew he day by day,

Dreaming of thee who wert away,

Endangered in the deadly fray;

And oft he longed as erst of yore

To mount his stately steed once more

To join thee in the field.

But lacking strength, "Heaven's will be done,

Though strong, the yearning for my son,

Whom God protect and shield."

I need not tell thee how his strength,

Stole stealthily away: at length

He knew that death was near, And like a wan and sickly child, By sleep when blissfully beguiled, He died without a fear.

Thanks, Gertrude darling, for thy care, Hubert. Ah, had I but been near to share Thy deep devotion to my sire, It had been more mine own desire, Than that by deeds of might my name Should win in strife a soldier's fame. This is no time for honeyed word, Yet what from thy sweet lips I've heard, Hath bid me bless and love thee more Than in the peaceful days of yore. But Gertrude, I must leave thee now-I may no longer tarry; For I my good steed must allow Three hours in which to carry His master unto his command, Of Levellers the nighest band. The struggle now is nearly done, With Cromwell none can cope— When a great conflict has been won Gone is each Royal hope. Thy sire and mother are in Spain, (Having in safety crossed the main.) Then with my vassals still abide, Nor from my home depart— Until I come to call thee bride With blithely beating heart. Oh! give me now a last embrace, One glance of thy bright eye Will nerve me aught on earth to face,

E'en though it be to die.

Scene III.—Interior of a wretched hovel. Hubert lying wounded. Group of Soldiers.—Time.—A few days later.

1st Soldier. 'Tis sad our Captain too should feel,
The stroke of the Malignants' steel,
In fight so fearless, brave, and bold,
He scarcely seemed of mortal mould;
And yet among the wounded he
Would tender as a woman be.
The dying heard with joy his tread,
Invoking blessings on his head.
So kind to all so gentle too,
He gave to each his proper due.
And ever exercised his power,
To check us in a wanton hour.

2nd Soldier. Cease, ere he wakes— Hubert. (Opening his eyes—)

"Why am I here,
In this abode so bare and drear?
Why this strange mist before mine eyes,
Whence phantoms of the past arise?
Why this weak trembling of the frame,
And feelings which I cannot name?

1st Soldier. Thou'rt wounded, Captain, but we feel, Our leech will soon thy sickness heal.

Hubert. Never more, my race is run,

Here I shall not long remain,

All my life on earth is done—

Save, perchance, some hours of pain.

(Delirious.) Gertrude, darling, come to me,
Even 'mid the din of strife.
When shall I the dear day see,
When I rapturous call thee wife.

(Again he is conscious.)

Approach my men, I grow more weak, My strength speeds swift away, Then promise me while yet I speak, My mandate to obey.

When I am dead, with charger fleet,
Unto my home repair,
And tell the lady Gertrude sweet,
My last thoughts were of her.

And lay me where my father's sleep,
Within you lone churchyard,
Where the weird willow seems to keep,
A solitary guard.

Farewell! I thank you from my heart
For all the kindness on your part,
May God ———

1st Soldier. See the celestial light

Illume his features, as his spirit takes its flight.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Slow strikes the sea with muffled thud Opposing rocks till lost below, What cares that breast of icy flood For mortal woe!

For evermore itself disturbed,

By some internal tidal throe

By tempest raised; by deep rocks curbed

Above, below.

It little heeds the changing shore,

The pride and wreck of earthly things;
It knows no summer to deplore,

It hails no springs.

It saw our first glad meeting eve,
It heard my sorrowing words this year,
It has beheld ten thousand grieve
O'er dead love's bier.

I find within the yellowing trees,

That deck this wild and long-loved shore,

More sympathy than in the sea's

Remorseless roar.

The drooping stem and fading leaf
That once upheld the blooming flower,
Hold fellowship with human grief
In its wan hour.

The sun that gave these leaves to earth
Now withers them in Autumn's doom;
And Time that gave our brief love birth
Now builds its Tomb.

These leaves in many hued decay,

The ornaments to Nature's pall,

Like us have had their short hey-day,

And like us fall.

Those waves which as they sap the strand, See Man's affections rise and fall, Themselves shall feel that powerful hand That prostrates all.

For when like mist you ocean flies;—
Its majesty a power past by,—
Once more our fount of love shall rise
Immortally!

THE GLOWWORM.

A thousand lights are streaming
From mansion and from hall,
Ten thousand lamps are gleaming
At masquerade or ball;
And there are other flashes
That hidden fires betray,
Where, from beneath dark lashes,
Love's lighting steals away.
But thou thy beams art shedding,
Beneath the hedge-row tree,
Where no light feet are treading,
Nor loving eyes to see.

Thus, unknown lights are shining,—
And few do mark the blaze,—
Where genius sits entwining
The garland without bays!
Bright though her fires are burning,
How few the flames behold,
Till, to its source returning,
It dies,—and all is cold!
It dies without revealing
From whence the flames were fed,
But there is no concealing
The ashes widely spread.

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

There's music in the tiny rill,
Which glides through some fair lonely spot,
Or wanders down the verdant hill
To greet the wild forget-me-not;

In timid tones, sung from its birth, It seems to say to things of earth, I would not that the mortals know The good I love to do below.

There's music in the running brook,
As pleasantly it strays along,
Delighting in the shady nook,
The mossy stones and ferns among;
The birds sit list'ning to its tone,
And cannot let it sing alone;
Drink, thirsty one, 'tis pure and free,
'Twill not disturb the harmony.

There's music in the cascade's fall,

So bright and sparkling, unconstrained,
Like girlish laughter without thrall,

Ere youth's fair visions shall have waned:

With brilliant touch the waters dash,
And sunbeams on the ripples flash.

Shall winter's cold this gladness chide,
This voice be hushed at Christmastide?

There's music in the river's flow,
As peacefully it wends its way,
Like some brave life we used to know,
Calm, bright amid the stern affray:
Life's under-current may be strong,
A stream that bears sad things along,
And yet the world no wiser be
For sorrow's tune, sweet melody.

There's music in the deep blue sea,
Where gossips say the mermaids dwell,
I wonder if in hours of glee
They tune the murmur of the shell,

Which echoes sweet the smallest wave That tries the distant shore to lave; But fails to imitate the roar Heard until time shall be no more.

ALICE COKAYNE.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is a friend? Does the great world keep Somewhere within it a heart asleep, That shall awake with a gladsome thrill, Soft as the tremulous low-breathed trill Whispered so oft by the white-plumed dove All through the spring to his brooding love, And in a rapture of soft delight Lave in the far-flowing streams of light, Seen through the mist of its shadowy dream, Faint as the stars in the morning's gleam. Sharing the pride of the lightning thought, Far from ethereal regions brought, Soaring with rapid and tireless wing Up to the heights where the sunbeams fling Over the echoing lands of truth, White with the dew of eternal youth, Fire from their lava of molten gold, Cleaving the darkness around them rolled. Piercing with me through the earth-born mist, Which in its darkness will aye subsist, Wrapping the world in a fold of sense, Blinding it still with its gloom intense. Oh! for a heart that with me would bear Passionate love for the beauty rare Stamped on the brow of this glorious world,

Spite of the mists that are round it furled; Yearning and longing to see the dawn Over the earth of a radiant morn, Yielding again to her love-lit eyes, Glorious visions of Eden skies. Oh! for a heart that, in commune high, Soaring away through the boundless sky Into the infinite realms of light, Would in the midst of that dazzling sight, Bend at the glittering great white throne Th' omniscient God as its King to own. Ah! does the garden of life contain, Nursed through a gloomy and wintry reign, Sorrow-begotten, a flower so fair, Thus on its bosom in joy to wear; Breathing the fragrance of friendship sweet, Whispering love through the noon-tide heat, Zephyr-like, soothed in a soft repose, Cradled to rest on the queenly rose. Oh! if there be in this world a friend Like unto this, may an angel send Murmuring mem'ries, to tell me where Dwelleth this vision of beauty rare!

A. W. P. ALLEN.

SONG OF THE RIVER MAID.

Stay, traveller, stay! for the day-king is setting,
And columns of cloud gather thick in the sky,
See! night is his army of darkness begetting,
To cover thy barque, and no refuge is nigh—
If you scorn at the shelter which here I afford thee,
This cavern of amber, this coral abode;
Oh stay! I will daintily lodge thee, and board thee,
Till the sun in its splendour shall brighten thy road.

Stay, traveller stay! for the hollow wind moaning,

Foretelleth too surely a tempest at hand;

Oh stay! or the wind may soon echo thy groaning,

A prey for fierce beasts on a desolate strand:

The morning may dawn on thy bones widely scattered,

The vultures thine eyes from their orbits may peck;

Thy barque on some lone jutting rock may be shattered,

And the winds will laugh wild, when they witness thy wreck.

Thy food shall be plucked from the almond and vine,
With mosses and ferns will I form thee a bed;
Thy drink shall be draughts of the daintiest wine,
And the down of my bosom shall pillow thy head.
But cease my fond tongue, for vain your entreating,
He heeds not my voice, nor the woe I foretell;
Alas! now his bosom the surges are meeting,
His barque is capsizing—Sweet stranger farewell!

W. R. WORBY.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

By ARTHUR E. WAITE.

CANTO II.

Dreamless and deep at first was Harold's sleep,
Thereafter troubled with strange shapes, which passed
Among the haunted chambers of his brain
Like formless spectres, undefined and dim.
Then the vague dream assumed a clearer form,
And he was standing in a desert place,
The ground beneath him formed of rugged rock,
While gloom, beyond the darkest night of earth,
Like densest atmosphere, was brooding round,

Through which the hoarse voice of a mighty stream, Sullen, and swift, and strong was ever heard, And a cold, bitter, biting wind went past, As though from over wintry wastes of snow, While far away upon a blasted rock, His dead child lying at his helpless feet, Belphegor lifted up his voice and wept. And Harold, passing o'er the rocky ground, With words of comfort, found that voice recede; And the hoarse murmur of the stream grew still, And the rock changed to grass beneath his feet; He stood once more before the Enchanted Wood, The wind was low, the night was damp and warm, And clouds obscured the starry face of heaven. Beside him was a venerable man, With hair and beard more white than drifted snow, Clothed in a robe of serge, with ermine bound; His form seemed bent with weight of numerous years, His lofty brow seamed with deep lines of thought; But still his voice was musical and clear, As thus he spake:

"Arise oh! youth, and seek The depths of yonder wood, no hand shall stay Thy progress there, its mysteries thou shalt learn, The secret of the spell which holds it still; For now the end has come, as thou shalt hear; The chalice of offence is more than full, The time of retribution is at hand. Three centuries back, within this wood there dwelt A powerful witch, well versed in things unknown, Wise in all magic and the blacker arts, Though young in years, and fair of face and limb. O'er mystic volumes pouring night and day With evil purpose, she at length surpassed In power and learning all the ancient seers. The Genii of Destruction, and of Death Were conquered by her charms. From these she won Perpetual life, beauty, and youth, and health— All charms which lure in boyhood's passionate time— With leave to tempt the pure of heart and life, Enjoying sensual delight awhile, Then striking them with pestilence and death, According to her compact with the fiend. But, like a sword above her head there hung The dread decree, that if at any time There was found one who could her charms resist, Though strongly tempted, still remaining pure, Her magic power should then avail no more, And fate long cheated of its lawful prey O'ertake her flying footsteps. She retired Within this wood, where pleasure house she built, And all fair things to wait upon her will. Here dwells she yet, but now the end draws nigh, Which has for centuries been warded off. It is permitted her to tempt thyself For a short period, but if thou dost prove, As by God's grace and watchful care thou shalt, Strong in the battle, then her reign is o'er; The spell shall be removed, the curse destroyed, And King Belphegor will his child regain."

Then Harold woke to find the moon had set,
And the stars watching, while the monarch slept.
So, musing a few moments on his dream,
The youth aroused the monarch, and to him
Related what had passed; who, when he heard,
Clasped his strong hands in silent hope and prayer.
Meanwhile there stole from the Enchanted Wood
Low music, sweeter than the sound of harps,
And subtle fragrance filled the chill night air.
"Dost thou not hear?" Belphegor cried at length,
"Dost thou not hear those sounds which call thee now?
Rise, Harold! 'tis thy destiny to break
The spell, which keeps me charmed and helpless here."

VOL. IV.

Then rose the youth, and, with strange impulse urged,
Three steps he took towards the Enchanted Wood,
A sudden brilliance in its depths appeared,
White forms seemed luring in the winding paths,
Strains of sweet music still prevailed around,
And so he passed among the lofty trees:
No hands unseen repelled him at the breast,
Though things invisible flapped their thin gray wings
Before his face, retreating at his steps.

The trees soon hid the land behind from sight, And all grew dark around him; the light died, Extinguished suddenly; the music ceased; No longer fragrance filled the air, which grew Chilly and damp, and heavy with the smell Of leaves decaying on the marshy ground. The earth itself was spongy underfoot, And oozing damp beneath his noiseless tread; There came no breath of wind among the leaves, No stir was heard, no hum of insect life, Yet he pursued his path, nerving his heart For what of danger might be stored for him, Until at length he saw a glimmering light Adown the winding of a woodland path, Now waxing brighter, lost at times to sight, Then round and brilliant as a harvest moon, Dropped suddenly and shining on the earth; And ever as he walked with quickened steps, Still higher, larger growing, it became More brilliant far than is the dazzling sun, And all before him through the trees were seen A thousand smaller lights, which grew and grew, Till the whole wood seemed blazing. Once again The music throbbed around him, the scents filled The air, he walked into the warmth and light; New life through every pulse began to beat, New strength was given to his limbs, his cheeks

VOI. IT.

Flushed with a sudden feeling of delight; With heightened pulse and swifter steps he passed Into the great heart of the light, and stood No longer on the damp, decaying ground, Thick with the fallen leaves of many years, And piled with broken twigs, and wet with rain, But on a lawn of softest, greenest grass; No longer in the shade of the tall trees, And in the cold of the exterior night, But basked in brilliant warmth. No Paradise, Built of the airy fabrics of a dream, Approached the beauty of this fairy place. 'Twas a sweet glade surrounded on each side By the green woodland. There eternal day Reigned, broken never by sublunary gloom, For an enchanted atmosphere of light, Translucent, amber-hued, prevailed around, Which hid the heaven above, the stars, the moon, And shut for ever all the darkness out, The cold and desolation of the night. Twelve streams of crystal coursed o'er beds of pearl, The banks on either side with flowers were gemmed, Flowers radiant, fragrant as the dews of morn: Clear jets of water from the fountain rose, Rose high in air, then downward dropped once more, Their waters falling into bowls of pearl Upheld by nymphs, whose faultless forms were carved From purest alabaster. In the midst There stood a palace, from whose doors there poured, In one long stream of beauty and delight, A train of maidens clothed in robes of silk, All white with pearls embroidered; and sweet boys With crowns of roses round their temples twined. Their features gentle as an angel's eyes, Their golden hair in ringlets streaming down, And bearing lilies of eternal peace In their right hands, while from their shoulders fell Down to their blue-veined feet, their robes of gauze.

While Harold stood with his delighted eyes Drinking in thus the beauty of the scene, Two maidens from the crowd of nymphs advanced With smiles, and words of welcome from their Queen, And led him towards the palace. Entering in With them he stood in an illumined hall, Where seated high upon a golden throne The fair witch reigned, a crown upon her head, A magic sceptre in her hand, by which She ruled at will the spirits of the air. More fair than houri of the east was she, And her voluptuous form arrayed in robes Of texture wondrous, like spun beams of light. Her charms so suddenly revealed, the youth Enraptured stood, his senses in a whirl, His purpose half forgot; but soon the thought Of King Belphegor, and his recent dream Returning with full force, he roused himself, Conquering the charm. Meanwhile the Queen rose up, Three steps descending from her golden throne She seated him resistless by her side.

"I have been waiting for thee long," the queen At length began, gazing with passionate eyes Into his face, "and thou hast tarried long; Alas! thou didst not know my love nor me."

"Lady," said Harold, at a loss for words,
But, since desirous to achieve his aim,
Solicitous in no wise to offend,
"Thy favour has not been deserved by me,
Still less have I done aught thy love to gain,
Could labour even purchase such reward."

"True love cannot be bought by deeds or gold,"
The queen replied, "it scorns such baser things,
Being itself its own reward, it is
Above and independent of desert.

Say, is it not sufficient, this my love, That thou should'st trouble about aught beside?"

"Lady, true love reciprocal should seek In some way to deserve the love possessed."

"By loving me, thou dost my love deserve,
And I, in loving, to thy love lay claim,
And lawfully, as none can disallow.
Behold, of this fair realm sole queen am I,
Much it contains of which thou hast not dreamed,
All this thou equally shalt share with me,
Its wonders learn, and all its secrets know.
No pain, nor grief herein, shall breathe on thee;
Nor sickness overtake thee, no, nor death,
Nor weakness, nor decay with years approach;
And all I ask thee in return for this
Is love like mine, who love with heart and soul,
And mind towards thee for eternity.
Come, I will show thee this fair fairy realm,
So shalt thou take possession of thine own."

Then taking Harold by the hand, she rose

And, from the throne descending, led him down

A lofty passage to a second hall,

Where the long casements reaching to the ground

Were open thrown, revealing to the sight

The grounds beyond. These were most fair to see,

The trees, the shrubs, the flowers of brilliant hue,

Surpassing nature in variety,

Yet all according with true natural state.

But Harold, mindful of his trust and aim,
And stern of purpose, and severely pure,
Which of all purity is likest God,
Being innocence and watchfulness combined,
Which gain the mountain and the burning bush,
Gazed on the whole with unadmiring eye;

Shrinking away before the witch-queen's touch, Which coldly struck him like a serpent's scales.

Meanwhile, both stepped into the grounds, and passed Among the paths, she showing him the while The many wonders, every moment met.
But Harold heard with mind pre-occupied,
Uncertain how to seek Belphegor's child.
Still undecided, he at length began:
"Lady, if thus thou treatest those who come
Within the shadow of thy home and reign,
Wherefore thy natural charity entail,
Putting strong bound to thy benevolence;
Preventing many traveller tired and wan,
From finding shelter in thy sheltering care;
With charms weaved round the precincts of thy home,
Barring the progress of intruding feet?"

"But for such things my foes long since had come,
And ruthless torn my kingdom from my hands.
And even as it is, in spite of bounds,
Have armies come and girt this forest round,
By force attempting to achieve their aim;
And though, for this, I scattered them like dust,
And, to this day—years since that time have passed—
Their chief unfathered, bows his crownless head
In agony beside the lonely sea,
Mourning that child, whose steps he hears no more.

"Doth then the king's child wander in thy realm?"
Harold demanded, and the queen replied,
With dark'ning brow but tenderness of voice,
"What counts this child, dear love, to thee or me?"

[&]quot;For of thy kindness I would ask a boon, By the maternity of woman's heart,

Give back this boy into his father's arms, Who thus hath watched and waited year by year. For if with force of army, and of arms He came against thee, and hath erred therein; Much sorrow hath atoned for many faults, And purified and sanctified the soul, For sorrow is experience and makes wise. Benevolence is greater than revenge, Love vanguishes where hate cannot prevail; Be merciful, who knows what is in store? Thou art beyond the reach of spear or sword, And arrows flying will not reach thee here, Nor the foes voices in the fields without. Make not the punishment exceed the sin. Art thou a woman, and so hard and stern, Thus unforgiving in thy pride of strength."

Replied the queen, "I love, and would grant much, But this, my vengeance, I will not forego; For I have sworn, that for his evil act Belphegor childless all his days shall live, And childless go to a dishonoured grave.

Then were my power but equal to my wish, At the last gasp, ere death should close his eyes, I would hurl down before his hapless feet This child's dead body for his latest pang.

But cast these thoughts away from thee dear love, Let these vain wishes be remembered not, With love I offer thee all happiness, And immortality, and co-equal reign, And pleasure which shall pall not on thy lips"

Anxious the queen gazed into Harold's face
To read, if possible, his purpose there;
And a cold dread crept slowly round her heart,
As his unanswering eyes were fixed on hers.
Then all at once a cry escaped her lips:
"Let us return," she whispered, hoarse with fear,

"For we have wandered from our former path, And all is desolate and gloomy here."

And there in truth the golden atmosphere
Was shrunk and pallid, and the ground before
Was strewn with dead leaves and the moss of years,
And faintly from the distance came a scent,
As of the air around a charnel-house,
Before them was a valley, and the ground
Beyond sloped upward, bare of grass or tree.
As the queen spoke, she laid her trembling hand
On Harold's shoulder, and her face grew white.

"Why should we not proceed a little way?"
The youth demanded, while suspicion dawned
Half undefined, yet strongly in his breast;
And, as he spake, he walked with swifter step.
While the queen hung upon his arm and threw
Her hands beseeching round his neck, to stay
His progress onward to the vale below.

"Unhand me witch," cried Harold, at the word She shrank behind him, grovelling on the ground, And vainly tried to clasp him round the knees, Turning her ghastly face and bloodshot eyes, With her long hair dishevelled round her brow, Upward in supplication to him and cried, "Have mercy on me, I am lost, and die."

"Where was the mercy of thy heart but now?"
The youth replied, unclasping her locked hands,
"Who handles burning coal to brand his foe
Is burned himself, and will not gain his end."

So as he spake he left her, and hehold Was joined next moment by the aged sage, Who had appeared and spoken in his dream. "There is but little time to spare," he said,
"The spell grows weaker, and will break ere long.

Look down below into this vale, therein

There are heaped up the bones of many men,
The wilful victims of this queen of spells,
There have they bleached, and mouldered year by year."

They turned aside into a narrow path,
And so once more approached the palace grounds,
And there six paces to the right was seen,
A little bower wherein they found the child,
Lying asleep upon a mossy couch,
His golden head reposing on his arm.
O'er his fair brow twelve springs had scarcely breathed,
Nor summers twelve his rosy lips had kissed,
But half his life had in that bower been spent,
And in the woodlands, and the paths around,
His feet prevented by the magic spell
From wandering further.

By the footsteps roused
The child arose, and gazed upon the twain
In wonder, half affrighted, shrinking back
As they approached, till Harold took his hand
And spoke to him with re-assuring voice,
And led him from the bower.

Then said the sage,

"All now is nearing its accomplishment;
My mission also is fulfilled. Farewell!

I leave thee here; stand not with idle feet,
But hasten thy departure from this place,
Ere destiny with long retarded hand,
Involve in common ruin all things here."

So as he spake, he vanished from their sight, And Harold led the child across the grounds, And through the palace, where the blazing light Turned faint and ghastly, and the golden throne Paled, as they passed into the open air, Among the fountains and the crystal streams, And gained once more the shadow of the wood.

Then suddenly a change came over all. The music ceased, the air grew white and shrank, The hues, the brilliance of the palace changed, Each moment growing fainter, and the flowers Withering, exhaled their rich perfume no more. The fountains were all dried, and crumbling, fell Down to the ground, the streams were stagnated, Therein the the lily rotted, and green scum Gathered; a wintry blast, which took the leaves, Swept through the glade, and the extensive night, Which now was twilight changing into morn, Her reign asserting o'er, the breaking spell Descended slowly, but a pall-like cloud Hid the fair faces of the starry kings. Like melting ice the palace sank to earth, While through the doors the nymphs, a ghastly crowd. Poured shricking past into the world beyond. But most of all the witch herself had changed, Who now ran tottering through the glade, pursued By frightful things that once had worked her will. Her robes, so late the wonder of the world, Became transformed into a beggar's rags. Her gently moulded and voluptuous form Shrank, and her blooming countenance changed Into the shrivelled features of a hag. Her voice grew harsh and cracked, her back was bent As if with age, her brow with wrinkles marked, Her small fierce eyes flashed with evil an light.

One moment only stayed the youth to look, Then raised the boy into his arms and fled Through the dark forest, over the dead leaves, Past marshy pools, oft o'er protruding roots,

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So through the wood, then, panting, knelt and gave The lost child back into his father's arms, Who gazed one moment on the childish face, Then clasping him to his re-fathered breast, Kissed his young lips, laying the golden head Pressed close against his stalwart warrior's breast. The sun rose up, lighting the earth and sea, And Harold looking towards the Enchanted Wood, The trees were swayed as if with sudden wind, While through the uproar of the broken spell, Rose the King's voice amidst his tears in prayer.

Rebielus.

"Poems and Lyrics," by Robert Nicholl (Alex. Gardner,

Paislev.)

We are glad to welcome this volume of poems from the home of our Northern neighbours. Regarding it merely as a book for the library, or the drawing-room table, it is well got up in paper, print, and binding—but, as the poorest compliment which can be paid to a painter, is to lavish admiration on the appearance of his work as enhanced by its costly framing, so should the voice in a book be ever considered as of paramount importance; the gem and not its setting receiving its meed of praise or blame.

An interesting account of the poet's life prefaces the volume;

also a "Criticism on his life and writings."

"Whom the Gods love, die young," is an oft quoted phrase, and in the experience of many a seeming truism: we are egotistical enough to believe that the "Gods have a special regard for those in whose hearts the word-music lurks, whose lips are ever quivering to break forth in new outbursts of song. However this may be, the death of Robert Nicholl, at the early age of twenty-three, added another name to the already somewhat lengthy list of short-lived poets, and yielded to our eager-armed mother earth another blossoming bough of beauty, bent and broken, ere the time of its full fruitage, ere the ripened glory of its maturity.

Written chiefly in the Scottish dialect, with its broken words and pretty careless elisions, these poems flow on softly, purely as a wind-unruffled stream, flow on without break or brusqueness, with the stamp of genius upon them; genius which contents itself in the deep calm of thought, rather in the pursuit of passionate revels with the muse—which laps itself in the softened effulgence of the moon, leaving the more dazzling

heights to be scaled by those who bask in the glowing brilliance

of the King of days.

"I have written my heart in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there wrote the author of the following lines," which we extract from a poem entitled 'Thoughts of Heaven,' and truly the workings of the soul thrill through the word-woven thoughts as we read:—

"High thoughts!

They come and go,

Like the soft breathings of a list'ning maiden,

While round me flow

The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden;

When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come— When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum— When the stars, dew-drops of the summer-sky, Watch over all with soft and loving eye—

While the leaves quiver,
By the lone river,
And the quick heart
From depths doth call,
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

Then, turning the page, our attention is again arrested by a half-dozen stanzas on "Visions." Here are the first two:—

"My hand is strong, my heart is bold,

My purpose stern," I said;

"And shall I rest till I have wreath'd Fame's garland round my head? No! men shall point to me, and say,

'See what the bold can do!'"

"You dream!" a chilling whisper said; And quick the vision flew.

"Yes, I will gain," I musing thought, "Power, pomp, and potency;

Whate'er the proudest may have been, That straightway will I be.

I'll write my name on human hearts So deep, 't'will ne'er decay!"

"You dream!" and as the whisper spoke My vision fled away.

With this we must leave the Scottish Bard, recommending readers of refined poetic tastes to make themselves further acquainted with his works.

"Poetical Remains and Letters of the late Rev. Thomas Whytehead, M.A." (Daldy, Isbister & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.)

About two thirds of the volume before us is occupied by a well-written memoir, detailing the events in the poet's life, and also giving publicity to much of his private correspondence. The poems themselves, most of which exhibit a strong undercurrent of piety, are of unequal merit, some of them lacking original thought and freshness of expression, others richly arrayed in all that makes poetry the greatest and sweetest of gifts.

Compare, for example, the following stanzas:-

"O happy are the souls that stay In such harmonious course alway, And, like the patient stars, are found Walking each day their quiet round."

"Fling the gates of music wide!

Hold back no more the rush of song;

But, like an unchecked torrent, deep and strong,

Pour forth, in one triumphant tide,

The gathering burst from every side.

Of joy and gratulation and exulting pride."

We cannot say that Mr. Whytehead has been peculiarly wise in his choice of titles. A stranger is not likely to be interested in lines, addressed "To my dear Mother on her birthday," neither, we think, are busy men and women inclined to snatch precious moments from pleasure or toil to peruse "To a Spider."—"To a Snowdrop."—"The Death of B.R.B."—"To a Bee on releasing it from Captivity." etc., etc., however, the name of Thomes Whytehead is deservedly an honoured name, and will be treasured both on account of the works of his hands and of his brain.

"Angels and Men," by Wellen Smith, (James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.)

A poem in four books; commencing somewhat in the Miltonic style:—

"Of angels who, at rest, still seek to know,— Of men who, knowing, seek for rest, I sing."

There are many lofty thoughts scattered throughout, and flashes of poetic fire: but the books will need much weeding, the tares separating from the wheat, before the Author can rank his work among that of the immortals.

There is something which appeals to our hearts in lines like

these :-

"When I was dumb, with grief's hard hand sore pressed Upon my mouth, He leaned down to my heart, And understood the strong pulsations there; Then gave me strength to hope, then gave me words,
And they went up and brought a blessing down.
And when upon some towering joy I've stood,
And waved my banner like a victor there,—
And saw stars drop from heaven like blasted fruit,—
And angels, sandalled with divinity,
Walking self-poised on glory's battlements,
Slip in a moment, un-upheld, and fall
Into the black deeps where no mercy comes,—
Then have I seemed a child, and cried aloud,
As if my tower tottered at my feet;
And he, the tender one, hath taken me
Without a word within his human arms."

As a kind of l'envoi the author says in conclusion :-

"And now, great world, I've sung to thee for very love; And pray, if rest can make thee beautiful, That God will take thy heart of many lives, And hush it into silent rest in Him."

"Watching for the Dead," by Faith Chiltern. (Provost & Co., 36, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.)

A collection of brief poems, many of them alive with true poetry, and all more or less creditable to the young author.

The first flower in the garland of poems (that from which the title of the volume is taken) is decidedly the nearest perfection: and at random we choose three stanzas for quotation:—

"Ah, lone man all sadly musing,
Gazing at the sunset sheen,
In its loveliness infusing
Thoughts of that which is not seen
For the shadow
Which enshrouds and comes between?

Dost thou fancy in the streaming
Of its brilliant golden tide,
When the clouds are brightly beaming
And heaven's gate seems opened wide,

One is looking
At thee from the other side?

On the grass, and all is still,
Thou canst feel fond arms entwining
As they used around thee still,
With a pressure

That can make thy spirit thrill?"

At some future date we trust to have the pleasure of noticing another work from Miss Chiltern's pen.